

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**BURTON'S AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.**  
THE LAKE REGIONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA. A PICTURE BY EXPLORATION. BY RICHARD F. BURTON. 8vo. pp. 378. Harper & Brothers.

The journey from Zanzibar to the region of the Great Lakes in the eastern part of Central Africa, on which this interesting volume is founded, was commenced in June, 1857, and occupying about twenty months, was completed by a return to the original starting point in March, 1859. Capt. Burton is an indefatigable explorer; no difficulties are permitted to daunt his courage; his spirit of enterprise never flags; and with excellent scientific culture, great practical experience, and a ready command of the pen, he has produced a narrative of his adventures and discoveries, which entitles him to an eminent rank among the recent travelers in Africa.

Without attempting to follow him through the complicated details of his perilous route, we will here give a brief summary of some of the results of his observations among the people of Eastern Africa.

The villages are populous; the houses are so near each other as to favor constant sociability, and the occupants spend much time in chatting together, in front of the central square. They rise with the dawn from their couches of cow's hide, and the hour before sunrise being the coldest part of the day, they usually kindle a fire, and seek the solace of their pipes. As soon as the sun is fairly up, they swarm forth from the red screens which protect the entrance to their dwellings, to look in the morning beams. About 7 o'clock a. m. the flocks and herds are driven to pasture by the elder boys, with loud shouts, and vigorous applications of the club—returning at sunset. After breakfast, the African repairs to a kind of public house called the *iwanza*, of which there are two in every settlement, one for each sex. Here he spends the greater part of the day, talking and laughing with his companions, or perhaps smoking himself to sleep. At about 1 o'clock p. m. he returns to his hut to eat the principal meal of the day, which has been prepared by his women. The chief articles of diet are fish and flesh, grain and vegetables, with the addition of such luxuries as milk and butter, honey, bananas and dates. He finds an intoxicating beverage in a beer made from millet, called *pombe*, today, and plantain wine. Fish is abundant in the lakes and in the numerous rivers, but although it is prized by travelers, and the poor, it is rejected by those who can afford to eat meat. Everything in the shape of flesh is welcome to the African taste; though, as a rule, beef is preferred, which strangers generally find fatulent and heating. Grain is not a favorite article of food, when the flesh of tame beasts is at hand. Next to the bullock, the goat is in request; mutton is rejected; poultry and pigeons have only come into fashion of late years, and there is still a prejudice against eggs. Of wild flesh, that of the zebra is preferred. It is smoked or jerked, but still retains a most savory flavor. Some of the antelopes are tender and succulent, but most of them are black, coarse, and indigestible. The African is a perfect connoisseur in his appetite. Food is his thought by day, and his dream by night. His whole soul seems to be swayed by his stomach. The delight with which he watches the process of cooking amounts to ecstasy. One great inducement for him to travel is to afford himself more meat than he gets at home. His fondness for good living even sometimes conquers his habitual improvidence. He preserves a store of his favorite food by placing large lumps of it on a little platform of green reeds, and smoking it before a slow fire. With the addition of a little salt, the provision thus prepared will last several days, affording a succession of dainty meals on a journey. They also pack up a quantity of meat dried in the sun for use in traveling, which is eaten as a relish with rice and other boiled grains. When meat cannot be obtained, and good water is scarce, the African severs one of the jugulars of a bullock, and fastens upon it like a leech. Some tribes churn the blood with milk.

The daily food of the poorer classes is maize, or some inferior kind of grain. In the interior, they are ignorant of the simple art of leavening bread by acidulated whey, sour bean-paste, and similar contrivances practiced elsewhere. They have not even learned to toast grain. Milk is universally held in high esteem. Some live upon it almost exclusively during the rains, when the cattle find abundant pasture. It is used in three forms, fresh, as buttermilk, or in the shape of curds. They consider cheese as something supernatural, and with power to bewitch their cattle. The fresh milk is not relished during the heat of the day, and is thought to increase bile, and eventually to produce fever. Curded milk, on the contrary, is a special favorite on account of its cooling qualities, and its adaptation to quench thirst; and the people accustomed to it from infancy have for it a great longing. Butter is made by filling a large gourd with partially sour milk; this is shaken to and fro; but the product is a thin, colorless, inferior butter, which soon becomes rancid. In some places butter is burned instead of oils in lamps.

In Eastern Africa, every man is his own maltster, and the public house of the village is the common brewery. The principal intoxicating beverage is the beer without hops, called *pombe*. This is of very ancient date. It tastes somewhat like sour wort of the poorest description; but strangers, who at first dislike it, exceedingly, soon become extravagantly fond of it. It is mild in its action, forming an agreeable narcotic, and followed by sound sleep and heaviness in the morning, but leaving its ultimate effects in the shape of rheumatism, sore eyes, and other consequences of strong potations. When made thick with the sediment of grain, it is very nutritious. A pernicious alcohol is extracted from the cocoa-tree; and a powerful wine from the plantain.

The country abounds with honey. Near the villages, log hives hang from every tall and shady tree. Bees also swarm in the jungles. Their produce is of two kinds. One found in the forest and stored in gourds resembles European wasp-honey; it is more than half filled with dirt and bark, and affords little wax; the liquid is thin and watery, and has a slightly unpleasant flavor. The better variety is the hive honey, which is very good, if not kept too long, and supplies a yellow wax, which is used by the Arabs to mix with tallow in the manufacture of candles. Honey is the only sweetener in the country, except in the maritime and lake regions, where the sugar cane grows. The natives chew it without knowing the art of extracting the juice. Sugar attracts them like flies. They clap their hands with delight at the taste; they buy it for its weight of ivory; and if a thimbleful of the powder happens to fall on the ground, they will eat an ounce of earth rather than lose a grain of it.

The East African invariably indulges in a long fit of torpidity after eating, from which he awakes to pass the afternoon, as he did the forenoon, in chatting, playing, and smoking. Everybody comes out to enjoy the cool of the sunset. The men sit outside the *iwanza*, while the women and girls, after bringing water for household wants from the well, collect in a group on their little stools, and indulge in the pleasures of gossip and the pipe. As darkness comes on, the village doors are carefully closed, and after milking his cows, each peasant retires to his hut, or spends the evening round the fire with his friends in the *iwanza*. He has not yet learned the art of making a wick, or of filling a bit of pottery with oil. When he wants a light, he ignites a stick of an oleaginous tree, which burns with a brilliant flame for a quarter of an hour. He repairs to his hard couch about midnight, and sleeps without waking until dawn.

On the approach of winter, the African begins to think about making some provision for "the rainy day." The peasants then leave their huts early in the morning, often without food, which has now become scarce, and labor till a little after noon, when they return home, and find a scanty repast prepared by the wife or the female slave. During the afternoon, they return to their work, and sometimes, when the rains are near, they are assisted by the women. Toward sunset, they all plod homeward in a body, laden with their implements of cultivation, and singing a sort of African "Sweet Home," in a simple and pleasing recitative. On bright, moon-light evenings, a furious drumming and a droning chorus summon the maidens to come out of their huts and enjoy the spectacle of a dance. The men and women seldom dance together, and their style of salutation is remarkable for its intense gravity. At no other time does the East African look so serious and so full of earnest purpose. Their music is of the humblest character. Though excellent tunists, and not without an ear for melody, they are content with the simplest combination of sounds. With no creative musical talent, they take the highest delight in harmony. The fishermen accompany his paddle, the porter his pack, and the housewife her task, with song. For long hours at night, the peasants will sit in a ring repeating, with unwearied zest, the same few notes and the same unmeaning line. The musical instruments are all of foreign invention, imported from Madagascar, and various other regions. The drum is the greatest favorite with the African. He uses it as the alarm of war, the promise of mirth, and the cure of disease. Without drumming, his life would indeed be a blank.

The monotony of life is relieved by frequent drinking bouts, and by an occasional hunt. For the former, the guests assemble at early dawn, and take their seats in a circle, divided into knots of three or four to facilitate the circulation of the bowl. The cup-bearer passes round the assembly, taking care to begin with the chiefs and elders, who are also provided with larger vessels. The drinking-cup, which also serves as a traveling canteen, is made generally by the women, of a kind of grass, or of wild palm-leaf. The stalks are split and neatly twisted into a fine cord, which is rolled into concentric circles, joined together by a binding of the same material. It is sometimes stained and ornamented with red and black dyes. The shape is a truncated cone, and those of average size contain about a quart. This cup passes rapidly around without heel taps, the toppers stopping only now and then to talk, laugh, and take snuff, to chew tobacco, and to smoke bang. This scene lasts for three or four hours—in fact, until the liquor is exhausted, when the carousers stagger home to doze through the rest of the day. In no European country are so many drunken men seen abroad as in East Africa. Women also frequently appear intoxicated; but they do not drink with the men, keeping a private cup at home.

The East African, who can seldom afford to gratify his taste for meat by slaughtering a cow or a goat, looks eagerly forward to the end of the rains when the grass is in a fit condition for firing. Armed with bows and arrows, and with a kind of club, called *knoberry*, the villagers then have a butchery of small antelopes, hares, and birds. During the hot season also, when the waters dry up, they watch by night at the tanks and pools, and thus secure the larger kinds of game. In many parts the hunters suspend by a cord from the trees sharpened blocks of wood, which, loosened by the animal's foot, fall and cause a mortal wound. The elephant roams in herds throughout the country, frequenting the low, moist grounds, where vegetation is plentiful. To hunt this magnificent beast is with the African an enterprise of solemn moment. He fortifies himself with charms prescribed by the medicine man, who also trains him to the use of his weapons. The elephant-spear resembles a boarding pike. It is about six feet long, with a broad, tapering head cut away at the shoulders, and supported by an iron neck in a thick wooden handle, the junction being secured by a cylinder of raw hide from a cow's tail. The hunting party consists of fifteen to twenty persons, who, before going out on the eventful excursion, proceed to sing and dance, to drink and drum, for a week together. The women form in line, and march through the village, each striking an iron hoe with a large stone, which forms a sonorous accompaniment to the howls and trills of joy. At each step the dancer sways herself elephant-like from side to side, tossing her head backward with a violence which threatens dislocation. The line is led by a fuge-woman on the right, who holds two hoes in each hand, but does not drum, stopping before each Arab house where beads may be expected, and performing the most hideous contortions, and grotesque maneuvers in imitation of the actions of various animals. After the labors, the ladies address themselves to their strong beer, and reappear in four or five hours, with a tall-tale stagger and a looseness of limb which add a peculiar charm to their gesticulations. This merry-making is intended as a consolation for the penance which the wife of the elephant hunter performs during his absence. She is placed under the severest restriction. She must abstain from good food, handsome cloth, and fumigation. She must not leave the house, and if the hunt goes wrong, the blame is sure to fall on her long-suffering shoulders. Meanwhile the men, who at least are as far gone as their mates, run round a large drum, with the gait of dancing bears, violently beating it with sticks or fists, with the accompaniment of a rude guitar, while a shrill fife or goat's horn gives the finishing touch to the completeness of the band.

When thoroughly drenched with drink, the hunters set out early in the morning, carrying live brands of fire, which they apply to their mouths to keep out the cold air. The great art of the elephant hunters is to separate a tusker from the herd without exciting suspicion, and to form a circle around the victim. The first spear is thrown by the medicine man, whose example is followed by the rest. The weapons are not poisoned, but prove

fatal by a succession of small wounds. The baited animal seldom breaks through the circle of his assailants. With its proverbial obstinacy, after charging one man, who steps away, while another, with a loud scream, turns the long stiff spear into its hind quarters, it turns fiercely from the fugitive to the fresh antagonist. Thus the battle rages, until the elephant losing both breath and heart attempts to escape. Its enemies then renew their efforts, and at length the huge prey, overcome by pain and the loss of blood which flows from a hundred gashes, is forced to bite the dust. The victors celebrate their triumph with song and dance. They then cut out the tusks with small, sharp axes, and devour the rich marrow on the spot. The hunt concludes with a grand feast of fat and garbage, and the hunters return home laden with ivory, with ovals of hide for shields, and with fountains of raw and odorous meat spitted upon long poles.

With regard to the social and moral condition of the East African, the descriptions of Capt. Burton do not afford materials for any flattering pictures. The main characteristic of this people is undisguised selfishness. He has no sense of gratitude, but feels the reception of a favor the proof of the weakness of his benefactor, and his own strength. Hence, he does not recognize even the interested motives, is a virtue of which he does not know the name. He is exceedingly improvident, taking no thought for the morrow, through inveterate carelessness and stupidity, yet so greedy of gain that he will not tell a traveler the road without a present of beads. But not even the love of gain can overawe the levity and laxity of his mind, or operate as a stimulus on his ingrained laziness. Marriage with this people is a mere matter of buying and selling. A man must marry because it is necessary to his comfort, and hence the woman becomes a marketable commodity. Her father sells her for the highest price he can get, extending from the suitor as many cows, clothes, and brass-wire bracelets as he can afford. She thus forms a part of the live stock of the buyer, who may sell her at a profit; or, if she be taken from him by another man, he recovers what would be her current price in the slave market. The benefit to be derived from a numerous progeny forms a strong inducement to marriage. Polygamy is unlimited, and the chiefs pride themselves on the number of their wives, which varies from twelve to three hundred. It is no disgrace for an unmarried woman to become the mother of a family, though after marriage the wife is held to stricter account. Divorce is easily effected by turning the wife out of doors, and the children becoming the property of the father. There is nothing that can bear the name of domestic attachment. Husband, wife, and children have divided interests, and live together with hardly the semblance of affection. When childhood is passed, the father and son become natural enemies, after the manner of wild beasts.

The moral degradation of East Africa, according to Capt. Burton, is due, in a great degree, to the influence of the slave-trade. The tribes are no longer in a state of nature, and from their intercourse with strangers have derived nothing but corruption. The origin of slavery in East Africa is veiled in the darkness of antiquity. At present, it is almost universal. In many parts of the country, the tribes are rather importers of slaves, than exporters. Although they kidnap others, they will not sell their fellows, except when convicted of crime. Still, in case of necessity, a man will part with his parents, wife, and children, and when they are all gone, he will sell himself without shame. The practice of slavery, beside demoralizing and brutalizing the race, is an effective preventive to increase of population and progress toward civilization, leading to border wars and intestine confusion. Slaves are the constant object of feud and foray. The process of kidnapping is an inveterate custom; the inhabitants of the land have thus become wolves to one another; their only ambition is to dispeople and destroy; and the blow thus dealt to a thinly populated country strikes at the very root of progress and prosperity. The slaves retain in thralldom the savage traits which distinguish both the people and animals of their native lands. They are trapped, but not tamed; they become captives, but not civilized. However trained, they make the worst servants in the world. A slave household is a model of discomfort. They are ingenious in all sorts of perversity and mischief, which, rightly directed, would make them invaluable. The old definition of a slave, that he is "an animal that eats as much, and does as little as possible," holds good in East Africa. He is always clumsy, dirty, and careless. He will never labor, except on compulsion. Even the inducement of a stick cannot make him continue his exertions for any length of time. However well he may begin, he soon tires of his task. He seems to be incapable of learning. His first impulse, like that of the ass, is not to obey. He is bound to deceive, for his force is in fraud. He steals instinctively, like a magpie. The slave is almost always half naked. Whatever clothes he obtains from his master are pawned or sold in the bazaar. He pilfers almost openly for the means of gratifying his love of debauchery. As regards the female slaves, in the opinion of Capt. Burton, the less said about them the better. They are equally deficient in modesty and decorum, and in grace and beauty.

The commerce of East Africa presents some points of interest. The principal imports are domestic and piece goods, plain and unbleached cotton cloths, beads, and brass wire. The minor items for the native population are prints, colored cloths, Indian and Arabian, broadcloth, calicoes, cape, iron ware, knives and needles, iron and copper wires for ornaments, and in some regions, trinkets and ammunition. A small trade, chiefly confined to the Arabs, is done in provisions, spices, drugs, and other luxuries. From Abyssinia to the Mozambique, the markets are supplied with American unbleached shirting and sheeting. The bead trade is almost entirely in the hands of the Banyan capitalists.

The most important article of export from the Zanzibar Coast is copal, and from the interior ivory. The minor items are hippopotamus teeth, rhinoceros horns, cattle, skins, hides and horns, the cereals, timbers, and cowries. Cotton is indigenous to the more fertile regions of Eastern as well as of Western Africa. Specimens from Port Natal and from Angola promise, with judicious cultivation, to rival in fineness, firmness, and weight, the medium-staple cotton of America. On the line between Zanzibar and the Tanganyika Lake, the shrub grows almost wild. Cotton flourishes luxuriantly in the black earth rich with decayed vegetation, and on the red clays of the coast regions, where water underlies the surface. These almost virgin soils are peculiarly fitted for the development of the plant, and may be made to bear enormous growths.

Tobacco grows plentifully in the fertile regions of East Africa. It is planted at the end of the rains, and is harvested in October. Usually it is simply dried in the sun, without the process of cooking and sweating. The people are not so fastidious as to reject the lower or coarser leaves, and these tainted by the earth. In some places it is kneaded into little circular cakes, which are neatly packed in plantain leaves for exportation.

The other articles exported from the coast of Zanzibar are beeswax and honey, tortoise shells, ambergris, ghee, the sugar cane, the wild arrow-root, gums, and fibrous substances. Much is to be hoped from the extension of commerce with these fruitful regions. The merchant will greatly help the regeneration of the country by the improvement of her resources. In this way civilization will gradually be introduced; new wants and new interests will be created; domestic slavery will be abolished, and Africa raised to her appropriate place among the nations of the world.

**HAND-BOOK OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.** BY ANNA C. LITCH. BOSTON. 12mo. pp. 567. Derby & Jackson.

The excellent judgment with which a great mass of authorities in the history of literature have been condensed within the limits of a single volume, entitles this work to a high place among similar compilations. Indeed it is certain that no manual in the English language can compare favorably with the present one for fullness of information, accuracy of statement, sound and instructive criticism, and clearness and propriety of expression. It commences with a brief essay on the classification of languages, and then proceeds to give a succinct and methodical account of the literatures of the different nations, from the ancient Hebrew to the recent American. Although the most liberal use has been made of a great variety of sources, the volume shows no traces of an irregular, patch-work character, but, as a general rule, is remarkable for its consistency and unity of statement, as well as for the uniformity of its style. The compiler has pursued a judicious course in the rendering of data and events on which there is a discrepancy among the best authorities, namely following the guidance of standard works in the respective languages of which the literatures are the subjects of discussion. In preparing the volume, the compiler has had primary reference to its adaptation as a text-book in schools and colleges; but it may also serve a valuable purpose as an occasional reading-book in classes, and it cannot fail to commend itself as a manual of reference by intelligent readers in general. Of course, many opinions must be expressed in such a miscellaneous work that will not meet with general acceptance; positive errors in fact will inevitably creep into the pages; a wrong figure will occur as a most provoking juncture; but if it indicates intelligence, care, and impartiality in the compilation, and gives a prevailing correct and interesting account of the matter in hand, it must be pronounced a decided success. For instance, we must censure a little at the assertion that "the influence of Hobbes on philosophy in England has been greater than that of Bacon," for although they both tended to the same conclusions, the one could scarcely boast of the same prominence while the name of the other has become almost identified in England with scientific progress. Nor is it true that "the philosophy of Spinoza exerted a powerful influence on the mind of Kant," the "critical philosophy" being, to a wonderful extent, an original product, drawn from the author's own mind, under the stimulus of an intense antagonism to the skepticism of Hume. It is in the writings of Jacobi, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, and Schelling that we are to look for the impression made by Spinoza on the German mind. Nor can we so summarily set aside the good old quarrel of Johnson's Dictionary, as being now "of little value to the student of language," but would stoutly battle in its behalf as an indispensable aid to every English scholar, in spite of the learned labors of Webster and Worcester. The volume is disfigured by several distressing blunders of the proof reader, three of which occur on a single page, giving the "List of Authorities," Muller, for Muller; Keyser for Keyser; and Da Ponte for Da Ponte. As an offset, it has the merit of a first-rate index, which is a model of completeness and accuracy.

An attractive series of juvenile books, consisting of *Winnie & Walter's Stories*, in three neat volumes, has been issued in Boston by J. E. Tilton & Co. They exhibit good taste in their composition, and an excellent moral tone, and with their handsome exterior, cannot fail to become favorites in the children's library.

*The War Tiger, and The White Elephant*, by WILLIAM DALTON (12mo. pp. 327, 374. W. A. Townsend & Co.) are capital stories for young readers, illustrative of events in Oriental life. *Famous Boys* (12mo. pp. 300), from the same publishers, is a series of biographies describing the early days of several men, whose names have since become widely celebrated.

*The Adventures of James Copen Adams*, by THOMAS H. HITTILL (12mo. pp. 378, Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.), gives an amusing account of the perils and adventures and hair-breadth escapes of a famous mountaineer and grizzly bear hunter of California.

*Cousin Harry*, by Mrs. Gray (12mo. pp. 402. T. B. Peterson & Brothers), is the reprint of an English novel by a popular female author, founded on domestic life in that country, and depicting a series of interesting scenes in a spirited narrative.

**BOOKS RECEIVED.**  
*The War Tiger*, by William Dalton. 12mo. pp. 327. W. A. Townsend & Co.  
*The White Elephant*, by William Dalton. 12mo. pp. 374. The same publishers.  
*Famous Boys*, 12mo. pp. 300. The same publishers.  
*The Prince's Ball*, A. Brochure from "Candy Palace." By Edmond C. Stedman. 12mo. pp. 63. Rudd & Carlton.  
*Washe-Wanda*, A Legend of Old Orange. 12mo. pp. 180. The same publishers.  
*Geographie des Slavens*, (History of Slavery in the United States), by Frederick Kap. 12mo. pp. 516. L. Hanes.  
*The Love of God*, by J. C. Keister. Edited by S. M. Smucker, Jr. D. 12mo. pp. 23. Dunsen & Sons.  
*The Redskins*, by J. S. Slinger. Copper. Illustrated by Darby.  
*The King of the Mountains*, From the French of Edmond About. By Mary L. Booth. 12mo. pp. 300. J. E. Tilton & Co.  
*Winnie and Walter's Evening Talks with their Father about Old Times*, 12mo. pp. 142. The same publishers.  
*Winnie and Walter*, or, Story Telling at Thanksgiving. 12mo. pp. 127. The same publishers.  
*Winnie and Walter's Christmas Stories*, 12mo. pp. 124. The same publishers.  
*Analyzed of the Cartoons of Raphael*, 12mo. pp. 142. Charles B. Norton.  
*The Redoubt*, by George W. M. Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 174. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.  
*The Man with Five Wives*, by Alexander Dumas. 8vo. The same publishers.  
*Romany: Or, Life and Death*, by J. Vincent Huntington. 12mo. pp. 522. D. J. Sadler & Co.

**NEW BOOKS IN GERMANY.**  
Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.  
Bonn, Sept. 28, 1890.  
Notwithstanding the stress of politics, I don't think THE TRIBUNE will be able to find place for a few literary notes upon what the learned Professors here have been or are still doing, which I have been collecting during a few weeks past.

A most important work to the history of the Latin language, just finished, but not yet published—indeed I have not yet happened to see any announcement of it—I am one with this title:

*Præter Latinitatis Monumenta Epigraphica ad Archæologiam Pertinentia*, by Wilhelm Dittenhofer, Corpus, Friedrich Schönbauer.

Many years ago, under the Ministry of Villmain, the French Academy cherished the idea of publishing a complete collection of all the Latin inscriptions known, dating out of the classical period; but, with the accession of Villmain from the Ministry, the idea was given up. The Berlin Academy afterward took it up, and under the direction of Mommsen, Henzen, and De Rossi, the work has been begun, the above named volume, edited by Ritschl, being the first of the ten or twelve of which it is to consist. The idea of simply printing these inscriptions was soon given up, on account of the inevitable creeping in of errors in reading and in set-

ting them, and the difficulty of deciding in many cases of the true interpretation of the rude letters in which they are written. Hence it was decided to lithograph them all, in the original size, where possible, and with the most carefully-performed reduction, where this was inevitable. It was then determined that the collection should not be simply a selection of the more important, but should embrace all that are known and accessible. And, thirdly, each group or division should be given so far as possible in chronological order.

But here came another difficulty. Ritschl, the editor, could not visit all the places where the inscriptions are preserved, taking his lithographer with him, nor could Roman law tables, precious gems, or the wall of a Pompeian house upon which some lover had scratched a verse in praise of his mistress, be brought to Bonn, there to be copied. They resorted to a very simple and ingenious plan. A sheet of soft, wet paper was laid over the inscription, and with a brush carefully pressed into the lines, where it was allowed to dry. In this manner a perfect fac-simile was obtained, which could be rolled up and sent to Bonn. In cases where paper was not a sufficiently pliable material, sheets of metallic foil were used, to which a lack of wax was given, and then forwarded carefully packed in cotton. To obtain the inscriptions under the arches of the bridge over the Tiber, a scaffolding was erected, for in no case was a mere drawing to be admitted as a copy for the lithographer. Thus the materials for the work were slowly amassed.

The right man for the editor was found—Ritschl. It was not easy to find the artist. But he, too, was found—a young man named Penning, who was engaged as long ago as 1851, and set to work under the immediate direction and supervision of the Professor. No variation in any respect was allowed from the copies. Every imperfection of letter, cracks in the stone, bronze, or plaster, spots from rust or other cause—all is given. The result is magnificent—96 folio plates—the pages a little longer, but not quite so wide, as a page of THE TRIBUNE—contain all the known Latin inscriptions of the days of the Republic, preceded by 23 pages of introduction and explanation beautifully printed on the same folio size.

Several of the larger inscriptions—some of the law tables, for instance—occupy a double folio, while upon other pages a great number of the smaller are given. In case of the bronzes, they are given in bronze color, and the smitten letters are imitated by etching the stone away from them; in fact, they are not merely imitated, but reproduced. The object is to give the scholar the inscriptions to study in his own chamber, and as I examined them, I felt convinced that this end is fully attained.

The collection is divided into three groups: First, the inscriptions and legends from coins, &c.; secondly, Roman law tables; thirdly, inscriptions upon stone—i. e., upon walls, sarcophagi, buildings, &c. Mr. Marquard of the University Library, to whom I am indebted for the opportunity of examining the work, has given me a quantity of interesting notices upon these groups and single plates; but I suppose just now I should be of more importance at home than all antiquity, and I must keep them to myself.

The volume is, as I fear, I understand, at new year. Ritschl gives all his labor, so that a price will be set by the Academy barely sufficient to defray the cost: probably some \$15 to \$20 of our money. The number printed is not large, and our libraries which wish to secure the best printed copies must be on the alert.

Of Prof. Ritschl's edition of *Plautus*, the third volume, beginning with the *Penulus*, will soon be through the press.

Prof. Heilmann has a new edition of *Æschylus*, with an extensive commentary, in press.

Prof. Otto Jahn is busy with the printing of Volume II. of his *Jahrbuch*, containing the commentary. He told me that probably two or three years will elapse before he begins his critical and biographical work upon *Beethoven*, which is to follow the *Mozart*, and perhaps be followed by a similar work upon *Haydn*. Of his great archaeological work, announced some years since, I hear nothing.

Prof. Schopen has a new and critical edition of *Tacitus's Dialogus de Oratoribus* in press.

Prof. Schmidt is engaged upon a discussion of *Pindar* as poetical artist.

That noble veteran, Welcker, who celebrated, last year, the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment as regular Professor (at Gießen), and who has been forty-one years here, has in press the second part of Vol. II. of his *Griechische Götterlehre*, which, I understand, concludes the work. It is a masterpiece of learning, criticism, and style.

Prof. Becking, while continuing his edition of *Ulrich von Hutten's* works, is preparing an abstract of the *Roman civil law*, for the use of both philologists and jurists.

A young philologist, Dr. August Reifferscheid, has just finished printing *C. Suetonii Tranquilli præter Cæsarum libros reliquios*, or the *Fragmenta of Suetonius* excluding his well-known *Lives of the Cæsars*. 8vo., some 300 pages. The work has four divisions: *Libri de viris illustribus reliquios*, containing our principal sources for Roman literary history; *Prætorum reliquios*, consisting of numerous and for the most part hitherto unknown or unrecognized fragments of an encyclopedic work; and *Cæsarum Librorum reliquios*, and, finally, *Questiones Suetoniane*.

These fragments he has edited from manuscripts, and the order in which they are arranged is upon grounds which he has discussed in the *Questiones*. The editor's claim to novelty, as that he has here, for the first time, brought together a mass of fragments which he proves to be from the pen of Suetonius, and that these fragments exhibit that writer in an entirely new light.

Suetonius has hitherto been known merely as the biographer of the Cæsars, his other writings being laid to have been unimportant. Reifferscheid, after an examination of all Latin and Greek writers now known of a later date than Suetonius, and after an additional and very extensive examination of the literature of the middle ages, decides that he (Suetonius) was one of the greatest encyclopedists of antiquity; and that, although wanting the philosophic depth of Aristotle, and the moral greatness of Varro, he is still ranked with them in the influence which his works exert upon literature down to the revival of letters. How far Reifferscheid has established his positions is a question for scholars.

Appended to this work is a fragment containing a biographical sketch of Terence, with a commentary by Ritschl.

Reifferscheid is preparing a short article for the *Rheinische Museum*, in which he opposes some of the conclusions of Dr. Beck of Cambridge in his paper, recently published in the *Transactions of the American Academy*, upon a pseudo-fragment of *Petrone's* *Arbiter*.

Prof. Plücker is preparing a general theory of *Magnetism*, founded upon the experiments of many years.

Prof. Beer is writing what may perhaps be rightly enough translated "General Mathematical Theory of Physics," and will soon send the first part to press. The work is to be strictly mathematical, and is to comprehend the theories of Elasticity, Capillary Attraction, Heat, Optics, Electrostatics, Magnetism, and Electrodynamics; whether other topics also I am not informed.

So much for literary news.

Bunsen has left Heidelberg, and resides now in Bonn. He seems to stand higher in the estimation of the English and American public than here. It is said that his works, the *Hippolytus* for instance, are not so much the products of his own learning and labor as of the studies of others, whom he has employed to make researches and extracts for him—work for which as he paid he has not thought it worth while to give credit! If this is so, it seems to confirm a criticism which has been made upon his writings, that they seem rather to be masses of materials than thoroughly ordered and digested wholes. I am not aware that any rule as to the appropriation of the labor of others for which one pays is fixed. In cases of re-

ports drawn up by Chairmen of Committees, we are not in the habit of making them the basis of a literary or scientific reputation, except where the previous study and labor, as well as the draft of the report were all by one individual. I remember a case in which the person appointed by our Government to make an extensive scientific and economical report, left the labor almost entirely in the hands of assistants, and intended to use their observations as his own. In this case, Thomas Ewing, then Secretary of the Interior, decided in favor of the assistants, and took the work from the hands of the principal and placed it for completion in theirs. How far this principle is to apply in such cases as this of Bunsen, may be a question; but here actually the belief that he has thus wrought operates against his reputation.

I heard rather an odd story of him the other day. As member of the Prussian Academy of Science, he has the right to lecture in the University, and this, it seems, he intends doing in Bonn. He has had so practice in this kind of speaking, and has therefore placed a desk in a large room of his house for the purpose. Not long since three or four of the professors here received invitations to attend a lecture at his house. At the time appointed they appeared and were ushered by the servant into the large room without being met and greeted by Bunsen or any member of his family. Here they were left to wait until their patience was nearly exhausted. At last, enter Bunsen. With a bow as to a company of students, he stepped to his desk and began his lecture. As soon as it was concluded, with another bow he left the room, and the professors—to depart when they saw fit!

The first volume of a new life of Michelangelo—as he spells the name—by Hermann Grimm, son of the late Prof. Wilhelm, is out. I am not familiar enough with the subject to decide how much there is new in it, but that it is very attractive I can testify. The work seems to be rather an attempt to picture the times in which the great sculptor lived, with his figure as a central point, than a laborious and minute history of the man. A rapid glance at the history of Florence, with its wars of noble houses, and the gradual rise of the mercantile interest, until the traders were able to crush the so-called noble born, is given with great vividness; [and we see, almost as if spectators, how, with the increase of wealth and refinement, a taste for art awoke, and great sculptors and painters appear upon the stage. With real dramatic effect, by and by Michel Angelo appears upon the scene, at first an insignificant figure, but becoming more and more important, until he fills the stage. Grimm has not only made himself master of the literature of the times of which he writes, but has visited the scenes which he has occasion to describe, and hence an uncommon vividness in all his pictures.]

The book has a charm for the English reader, whose mother tongue is English, in the unconscious adoption of an English idiom in preference to the so-called German classical style. Sharp, short, potted sentences; directness of statement; now a fact, now an illustration, now a reflection; long, weary labyrinthine words carefully avoided; so that one feels almost as if the work was a translation from one's own tongue. Grimm is a devoted admirer of Emerson, and has spared no pains nor labor to make him and his writings known in "Fatherland." The influence of Emerson is marked upon the style of this work. I have observed that in the popular writings of the day the Germans are rapidly adopting the style of English and American writers, to the great horror of the purists, whose lamentations over it are touching. But people cannot afford to time now-a-days to wade through works where a single sentence fills a page, and whose meaning is unlocked only by the key of the last word. Those who write for popular perusal must write in a popular style. The indications are that the "classical" style of fifty years ago will at length be as out of date here as Johnsonism is with us.

—Is it literary news when one speaks of a machine in a printing office? If so, I will add that an Ericsson air-motor has just been put in operation here in Bonn. I met the machinist in the inn at which I am stopping. He belongs to a firm in Magdeburg, a member of which was long in New-York, and now keeps himself well informed of all our inventions and improvements. As soon as the news came that the air-motor was in successful operation in New-York, the firm imported one as a model, and the number now in operation or order is already thirty. Pity that Ericsson has no patent in Germany. I asked if any change had been made in the construction of the machine. Nothing but the introduction of a valve, to regulate the power, he said.

## LITERARY.

A few additional titles of books hitherto unmentioned, promised for the forthcoming London season, may be gleaned from the publisher's new announcement, as Mr. Hepworth Dixon's biographical work on the great "Chancellor of Human Nature," which is to be called "Personal History of Francis Bacon." The completion of Mr. Macknight's "History of the Life and Times of Edward Burke," (of which volumes I and II were published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, in 1858), and of Mr. W. C. Hallett's "History of the Republic of Venice." A second volume of "The Autobiography of Dr. Joseph Wolff;" a "Memoir of Jerome Bonaparte;" two additional volumes of "Memoirs," by the Duke of Buckingham, from his family papers of "The Courts and Cabinets of William IV. and Queen Victoria." Miss Bremer's "Two Years in Switzerland," and a book on "The Western Prairies," from the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. A reprint of "Hogarth's Works," with an essay on his genius by James Hanway, is probably due to Mr. Sala's series of papers on the subject in *The Cornhill Magazine*. There may also be looked for in a separate form, a "Life of William Cobbett," by his son, John P. Cobbett, Lady Chester's "Memoirs of Admiral Gambier," and several minor works of travel, &c. Of books heretofore unmentioned, but now delicately promised to be forthcoming, the most important are Lord Mahan's "Life of William Pitt," Lady Lincolner's "Memoirs and Diary of Mr. Delaney," volumes III and IV of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," the first installment of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War," the 2d volume of Lord Donaldson's "Autobiography of a Seaman," and Leslie's "Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Contemporaries."

—Mr. Sterling, the author of "Annals of the Artists of Spain," has enriched the short list of English works on Bibliography, with a valuable monograph on books relating to Proverbs, Emblems, Apophthegms, Epitaphs, and Aes, being a catalogue of those in his own